

of New York, tells of a devoted Christian business man who was struck by an automobile. He was hurried to the hospital and after an examination was informed that he had only about two hours to live. His faith was implicit in the goodness of God and in the future life. To him death was only a gateway leading to a higher world. He had his family called and thus addressed them:

Wife, you have been to me the greatest woman in the world. Through sunshine and shadow we have walked together. You have been my inspiration in everything I have undertaken. Especially has this been true in reference to my religious life. Many times I have seen the Spirit of God shining in your face. I love you far more than I did the day you became my bride. Goodnight, dear, I'll see you in the morning. Goodnight."

**"Goodnight, Mary.**

Mary, you are our first-born. What a joy you have been to your father. How glad I am that you have looked so much like your mother. In face and spirit you have always reminded me of her. I see in you the sweet, beautiful young woman who left her home to become the builder and keeper of mine. What a Christian you are! Mary, you will never forget how your father has loved you. Goodnight, Mary, goodnight."

**"Goodnight, Will.**

Will, your coming into our home has

AN ANTHOLOGY OF  
RECENT POETRY



# AN ANTHOLOGY OF RECENT POETRY

The year's at the spring.

*Pippa Passes*



COMPILED BY L. D'O. WALTERS  
AUTHOR OF 'SPEEDWELL' 'TURQUOISE' ETC.  
LONDON: GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD.  
2 & 3 PORTSMOUTH STREET KINGSWAY W.C.

*First published April 1920*

*Printed in Great Britain  
by Turnbull & Spears, Edinburgh*

# Acknowledgment

FOR their kindly permission to use copyright poems the Editor is deeply indebted to :

*The Authors*—H. H. Abbott, Hilaire Belloc, P. R. Chalmers, G. K. Chesterton, Frances Cornford, W. H. Davies, Walter De la Mare, John Drinkwater, Rose Fyleman, W. W. Gibson, Robert Graves, Ralph Hodgson, Teresa Hooley, Margaret Mackenzie, Irene McLeod, John Masefield, Alice Meynell, Harold Monroe, Sarojini Naidu, H. D. C. Pepler, James Stephens, Sir William Watson, Marion St John Webb, and W. B. Yeats.

*The Literary Executors* of Rupert Brooke, Mary E. Coleridge (Sir Henry Newbolt), James Elroy Flecker (Mrs Flecker), Julian Grenfell (Lady Desborough), Lionel Johnson (Mr Elkin Mathews), Edward Wyndham Tennant (Lady Glenconner), Edward Thomas (Messrs Selwyn and Blount), R. E. Vernède.

And the following *Publishers*, in respect of the poems selected :

Messrs Burns and Oates, Ltd.

Alice Meynell : *Collected Poems*.

Messrs Constable and Co., Ltd.

Walter De la Mare : *The Listeners, Peacock Pie*.

Messrs J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.

G. K. Chesterton : *The Wild Knight*.

Messrs Duckworth and Co.

Hilaire Belloc : *Verses*.

Mr A. C. Fifield

W. H. Davies : *Collected Poems*.

Messrs George G. Harrap and Co., Ltd.

E. J. Brady : *The House of the Winds*.

Queenie Scott-Hopper : *Pull the Bobbin*.

Marion St John Webb : *The Littlest One*.

# Recent Poetry

Mr W. Heinemann

Sarojini Naidu : *The Golden Threshold.*

Mr John Lane

Helen Parry Eden : *Bread and Circuses.*

*Edward Wyndham Tennant*, by Pamela Glenconner.

Messrs Macmillan and Co., Ltd.

W. W. Gibson : *Whin.*

Ralph Hodgson : *Poems.*

J. Stephens : *The Adventures of Scumas Beg, Songs from the Clay.*

W. B. Yeats : *Poems : Second Series.*

Messrs Maunsel and Co.

P. R. Chalmers : *Green Days and Blue Days.*

Poetry Bookshop

H. H. Abbott : *Black and White.*

R. Graves : *Over the Brazier.*

Messrs Sands and Co.

M. Mackenzie : *The Station Platform, and Other Poems.*

Mr Martin Secker

J. E. Flecker : *Collected Poems.*

Francis Brett Young : *Poems, 1916-1918.*

Messrs Selwyn and Blount

Edward Thomas : *Poems.*

Messrs Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd.

J. Redwood Anderson : *Walls and Hedges.*

Rupert Brooke : *1914 and Other Poems.*

J. Drinkwater : *Swords and Ploughshares.*

Messrs T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.

W. B. Yeats : *Poems.*

# Contents

*Arranged under names of Authors*

	PAGE
ABBOTT, H. H.	
Black and White . . . . .	112
ANDERSON, J. REDWOOD	
The Bridge . . . . .	101
Allotments . . . . .	104
BELLOC, HILAIRE	
The Early Morning . . . . .	18
The South Country . . . . .	19
BRADY, E. J.	
A Ballad of the Captains . . . . .	29
BROOKE, RUPERT	
The Dead . . . . .	42
The Great Lover . . . . .	43
The Soldier . . . . .	47
CHALMERS, P. R.	
If I had a Broomstick . . . . .	56
Roundabouts and Swings . . . . .	57
CHESTERTON, G. K.	
The Donkey . . . . .	17
COLERIDGE, MARY E.	
Street Lanterns . . . . .	99
CORNFORD, FRANCES	
In France . . . . .	53
The Ragwort . . . . .	54
	7



# *Recent Poetry*

DAVIES, W. H.

The Kingfisher	67
Sheep	68

DE LA MARE, WALTER

Arabia	33
Full Moon	35
Nod	36
The Song of the Mad Prince	38

DRINKWATER, JOHN

A Town Window	60
---------------	----

EDEN, HELEN PARRY

To Betsey-Jane, on her Desiring to go Incontinently to Heaven	100
--	-----

FLECKER, JAMES E.

Brumana	61
The Dying Patriot	62
November Eves	64

FYLEMAN, ROSE

Alms in Autumn	86
I Don't Like Beetles	88
Wishes	89

GIBSON, W. W.

Sweet as the Breath of the Whin	94
---------------------------------	----

GRAVES, ROBERT

Star-Talk	65
-----------	----

GRENFELL, JULIAN

Into Battle	73
-------------	----

HARDY, THOMAS

The Oxen	114
----------	-----

# *Contents*

-----	
HODGSON, RALPH	
The Bells of Heaven . . . . .	80
The Song of Honour . . . . .	81
Stupidity Street . . . . .	83
HOOLEY, TERESA	
Sea-Foam . . . . .	109
JOHNSON, LIONEL	
By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross .	48
MACKENZIE, MARGARET	
To the Coming Spring . . . . .	84
MCLEOD, IRENE	
Lone Dog . . . . .	55
MASEFIELD, JOHN	
Sea Fever . . . . .	22
The Tewkesbury Road . . . . .	24
The West Wind . . . . .	26
MEYNELL, ALICE	
A Dead Harvest . . . . .	39
November Blue . . . . .	40
The Shepherdess . . . . .	41
MONRO, HAROLD	
Overheard on a Saltmarsh . . . . .	76
Strange Meetings : No. X . . . . .	78
NAIDU, SARAJINI	
Cradle-Song . . . . .	16
PEPLER, H. D. C.	
The Law the Lawyers Know About . . . . .	95
9	

# *Recent Poetry*

	PAGE
SCOTT-HOPPER, QUEENIE	
Very Nearly ! . . . . .	90
What the Thrush Says . . . . .	91
STEPHENS, JAMES	
Check . . . . .	51
When the Leaves Fall . . . . .	52
TENNANT, E. W.	
Home Thoughts in Laventie . . . . .	70
THOMAS, E.	
The Cherry Trees . . . . .	79
VERNÈDE, R. E.	
A Petition . . . . .	110
WALTERS, L. D'O.	
All is Spirit and Part of Me . . . . .	96
Seville . . . . .	97
WATSON, SIR WILLIAM	
April . . . . .	13
WEBB, MARION ST JOHN	
The Sunset Garden . . . . .	93
YEATS, W. B.	
The Fiddler of Dooney . . . . .	14
The Lake Isle of Innisfree . . . . .	15
YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT	
February . . . . .	107

*An Anthology of  
Recent Poetry*



# April

**A**PRIL, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter ;  
Then, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears !  
April, that mine ears  
Like a lover greetest,  
If I tell thee, sweetest,  
All my hopes and fears,  
April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But, the moment after,  
Weep thy golden tears.

WILLIAM WATSON

# The Fiddler of Dooney

**W**HEN I play on my fiddle in Dooney,  
Folk dance like a wave of the sea ;  
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,  
My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin :  
They read in their books of prayer ;  
I read in my book of songs  
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,  
To Peter sitting in state,  
He will smile on the three old spirits,  
But call me first through the gate ;

For the good are always the merry,  
Save by an evil chance,  
And the merry love the fiddle,  
And the merry love to dance :

And when the folk there spy me,  
They will all come up to me,  
With " Here is the fiddler of Dooney ! "  
And dance like a wave of the sea.

W. B. YEATS

# The Lake Isle of Innisfree

**I** WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and  
wattles made ;

Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the  
honey bee,

And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace  
comes dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of the morning to where  
the cricket sings ;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a  
purple glow,

And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,  
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the  
shore ;

While I stand on the roadway, or on the pave-  
ments grey,

I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. YEATS



## Cradle-Song

FROM groves of spice,  
O'er fields of rice,  
Athwart the lotus-stream,  
I bring for you,  
Aglint with dew,  
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,  
The wild fire-flies  
Dance through the fairy *neem* ;<sup>1</sup>  
From the poppy-bole  
For you I stole  
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good-night,  
In golden light  
The stars around you gleam ;  
On you I press  
With soft caress  
A little lovely dream.

SAROJINI NAIDU

<sup>1</sup> A lilac-tree (Hindustani).

# The Donkey

**W**HEN fishes flew and forests walked  
And figs grew upon thorn,  
Some moment when the moon was  
blood

Then surely I was born ;

With monstrous head and sickening cry  
And ears like errant wings,  
The devil's walking parody  
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will ;  
Starve, scourge, deride me : I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.

Fools ! For I also had my hour ;  
One far fierce hour and sweet :  
There was a shout about my ears,  
And palms before my feet.

G. K. CHESTERTON

## The Early Morning

**T**HE moon on the one hand, the dawn  
on the other:

The moon is my sister, the dawn is my  
brother.

The moon on my left and the dawn on my right.  
My brother, good morning: my sister, good  
night.

HILAIRE BELLOC

# The South Country

**W**HEN I am living in the Midlands  
That are sodden and unkind,  
I light my lamp in the evening :  
My work is left behind ;  
And the great hills of the South Country  
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country  
They stand along the sea ;  
And it's there walking in the high woods  
That I could wish to be,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England  
I saw them for a day :  
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,  
Their skies are fast and grey ;  
From their castle-walls a man may see  
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England  
They see the Severn strong,

## *Recent Poetry*

A-rolling on rough water brown  
Light aspen leaves along.  
They have the secret of the Rocks,  
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country  
Are the kindest and most wise,  
They get their laughter from the loud surf,  
And the faith in their happy eyes  
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring  
When over the sea she flies ;  
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,  
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines  
But I smell the Sussex air ;  
Nor I never come on a belt of sand  
But my home is there.  
And along the sky the line of the Downs  
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,  
Nor a broken thing mend :  
And I fear I shall be all alone  
When I get towards the end.

## *The South Country*

Who will be there to comfort me  
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends  
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,  
They watch the stars from silent folds,  
They stiffly plough the field.  
By them and the God of the South Country  
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,  
Or if ever I grow to be old,  
I will build a house with deep thatch  
To shelter me from the cold,  
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung  
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood  
Within a walk of the sea,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Shall sit and drink with me.

HILAIRE BELLOC

## Sea Fever

**I** MUST go down to the seas again, to the  
lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer  
her by ;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the  
white sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn  
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of  
the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be  
denied ;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds  
flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and  
the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant  
gipsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the  
wind's like a whetted knife ;

## *Sea Fever*

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing  
fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long  
trick's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD



## Tewkesbury Road

**I**T is good to be out on the road, and going  
one knows not where,  
Going through meadow and village, one  
knows not whither nor why ;  
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the  
keen cool rush of the air,  
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad  
blue lift of the sky.

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall  
green fern at the brink  
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the  
foxgloves purple and white ;  
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer come down in  
a troop to drink  
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming  
on of the night.

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely  
smell of the earth,  
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power  
of words ;

## *Tewkesbury Road*

And the blessed green comely meadows are all  
a-ripple with mirth

At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear  
wild cry of the birds.

JOHN MASEFIELD

# The West Wind

**I**T'S a warm wind, the west wind, full of  
birds' cries ;

I never hear the west wind but tears are in  
my eyes.

For it comes from the west lands, the old brown  
hills,

And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired  
as mine,

Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like  
wine.

There is cool green grass there, where men may  
lie at rest,

And the thrushes are in song there, fluting from  
the nest.

“Will you not come home, brother ? You have  
been long away.

It's April, and blossom time, and white is the  
spray :

## *The West Wind*

And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the  
rain,

Will you not come home, brother, home to us  
again ?

The young corn is green, brother, where the  
rabbits run ;

It's blue sky, and white clouds, and warm rain  
and sun.

It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a man's  
brain,

To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring  
again.

Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the  
green wheat,

So will you not come home, brother, and rest your  
tired feet ?

I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for  
aching eyes,"

Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of birds'  
cries.

It's the white road westwards is the road I must  
tread

## *Recent Poetry*

To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for  
heart and head,

To the violets and the brown brooks and the  
thrushes' song

In the fine land, the west land, the land where I  
belong.

JOHN MASEFIELD

# A Ballad of the Captains

**W**HERE are now the Captains  
Of the narrow ships of old—  
Who with valiant souls went seeking  
For the Fabled Fleece of Gold ;  
In the clouded Dusk of Ages,  
In the Dawn of History,  
When the ringing songs of Homer  
First re-echoed o'er the Sea ?

Oh, the Captains lie a-sleeping  
Where great iron hulls are sweeping  
Out of Suez in their pride ;  
And they hear not, and they heed not,  
And they know not, and they need not  
In their deep graves far and wide.

Where are now the Captains  
Who went blindly through the Strait,  
With a tribute to Poseidon,  
A libation poured to Fate ?  
They were heroes giant-hearted,  
That with Terrors, told and sung,  
Like blindfolded lions grappled,  
When the World was strange and young.

## *Recent Poetry*

Oh, the Captains brave and daring,  
With their grim old crews are faring  
    Where our guiding beacons gleam ;  
And the homeward liners o'er them—  
All the charted seas before them—  
    Shall not wake them as they dream.

Where are now the Captains  
    From bold Nelson back to Drake,  
Who came drumming up the Channel,  
    Haling prizes in their wake ?  
Where are England's fighting Captains  
    Who, with battle flags unfurled,  
Went a-rieving all the rievvers  
    O'er the waves of all the world ?

Oh, these Captains, all confiding  
In the strong right hand, are biding  
    In the margins, on the Main ;  
They are shining bright in story,  
They are sleeping deep in glory,  
    On the silken lap of Fame.

Where are now the Captains  
    Who regarded not the tears

# *A Ballad of the Captains*

Of the captured Christian maidens  
Carried, weeping, to Algiers ?  
Yes, the swarthy Moorish Captains,  
Storming wildly 'cross the Bay,  
With a dead hidalgo's daughter  
As a dower for the Dey ?

Oh, those cruel Captains never  
Shall sweet lovers more dis sever,  
On their forays as they roll ;  
Or the mad Dons curse them vainly,  
As their baffled ships, ungainly,  
Heel them, jeering, to the Mole.

Where are now the Captains  
Of those racing, roaring days,  
Who of knowledge and of courage,  
Drove the clippers on their ways—  
To the furthest ounce of pressure,  
To the latest stitch of sail,  
' Carried on ' before the tempest  
Till the waters lapped the rail ?

Oh, the merry, manly skippers  
Of the traders and the clippers,  
They are sleeping East and West,



## *Recent Poetry*

And the brave blue seas shall hold them,  
And the oceans five enfold them  
In the havens where they rest.

Where are now the Captains  
Of the gallant days ago ?  
They are biding in their places,  
And the Great Deep bears no traces  
Of their good ships passed and gone.  
They are biding in their places,  
Where the light of God's own grace is,  
And the Great Deep thunders on.

Yea, with never port to steer for,  
And with never storm to fear for,  
They are waiting wan and white,  
And they hear no more the calling  
Of the watches, or the falling  
Of the sea rain in the night.

E. J. BRADY

## Arabia

**F**AR are the shades of Arabia,  
Where the Princes ride at noon,  
'Mid the verdurous vales and thickets,  
Under the ghost of the moon ;  
And so dark is that vaulted purple  
Flowers in the forest rise  
And toss into blossom 'gainst the phantom star  
Pale in the noonday skies.

Sweet is the music of Arabia  
In my heart, when out of dreams  
I still in the thin clear mirk of dawn  
Descry her gliding streams ;  
Hear her strange lutes on the green banks  
Ring loud with the grief and delight  
Of the demi-silked, dark-haired Musicians  
In the brooding silence of night.

They haunt me—her lutes and her forests ;  
No beauty on earth I see  
But shadowed with that dream recalls  
Her loveliness to me :

## *Recent Poetry*

Still eyes look coldly upon me,  
Cold voices whisper and say—  
“He is crazed with the spell of far Arabia,  
They have stolen his wits away.”

WALTER DE LA MARE

## Full Moon

**O**NE night as Dick lay half asleep,  
    Into his drowsy eyes  
    A great still light began to creep  
    From out the silent skies.

It was the lovely moon's, for when  
    He raised his dreamy head,  
Her rays of silver filled the pane  
    And streamed across his bed.  
So, for awhile, each gazed at each—  
    Dick and the solemn moon—  
Till, climbing slowly on her way,  
    She vanished, and was gone.

WALTER DE LA MARE

## Nod

S OFTLY along the road of evening,  
In a twilight dim with rose,  
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with  
dew,  
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,  
Their fleeces charged with gold,  
To where the sun's last beam leans low  
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with briar,  
From their sand the conies creep ;  
And all the birds that fly in heaven  
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,  
Yet, when night's shadows fall,  
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,  
Misses not one of all.

## *Nod*

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,  
The waters of no-more-pain,  
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,  
" Rest, rest, and rest again."

WALTER DE LA MARE

# The Song of the Mad Prince

WHO said, "Peacock Pie" ?  
The old King to the sparrow :  
Who said, "Crops are ripe" ?

Rust to the harrow :

Who said, "Where sleeps she now ?

Where rests she now her head,

Bathed in eve's loveliness" ?

That's what I said.

Who said, "Ay, mum's the word" ?

Sexton to willow :

Who said, "Green dusk for dreams,

Moss for a pillow" ?

Who said, "All Time's delight

Hath she for narrow bed ;

Life's troubled bubble broken" ?

That's what I said.

WALTER DE LA MARE

# A Dead Harvest

## IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

**A** LONG the graceless grass of town  
They rake the rows of red and brown,-  
Dead leaves, unlike the rows of hay  
Delicate, touched with gold and grey,  
Raked long ago and far away.

A narrow silence in the park,  
Between the lights a narrow dark.  
One street rolls on the north ; and one,  
Muffled, upon the south doth run ;  
Amid the mist the work is done.

A futile crop ! for it the fire  
Smoulders, and, for a stack, a pyre.  
So go the town's lives on the breeze,  
Even as the sheddings of the trees ;  
Bosom nor barn is filled with these.

ALICE MEYNELL



# November Blue

The golden tint of the electric lights seems to give a complementary colour to the air in the early evening.

*Essay on London*

O HEAVENLY colour, London town,  
Has blurred it from her skies ;  
And, hooded in an earthly brown,  
Unheaven'd the city lies.

No longer standard-like this hue  
Above the broad road flies ;  
Nor does the narrow street the blue  
Wear, slender pennon-wise.

But when the gold and silver lamps  
Colour the London dew,  
And, misted by the winter damp,  
The shops shine bright anew—  
Blue comes to earth, it walks the street,  
It dyes the wide air through ;  
A mimic sky about their feet,  
The throng go crowned with blue.

ALICE MEYNELL

# The Shepherdess

**S**HE walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.  
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them  
white ;

She guards them from the steep ;  
She feeds them on the fragrant height,  
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,  
Dark valleys safe and deep.  
Into that tender breast at night  
The chastest stars may peep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,  
Though gay they run and leap.  
She is so circumspect and right ;  
She has her soul to keep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.

ALICE MEYNELL

# The Dead

**B**LOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead !  
There's none of these so lonely and poor  
of old,

But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
These laid the world away ; poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth ; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,  
That men call age ; and those who would have  
been,  
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us, for our  
dearth,

Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.  
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again ;  
And we have come into our heritage.

RUPERT BROOKE

# The Great Lover

I HAVE been so great a lover : filled my days  
So proudly with the splendour of Love's  
praise,  
The pain, the calm, and the astonishment,  
Desire illimitable, and still content,  
And all dear names men use, to cheat despair,  
For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear  
Our hearts at random down the dark of life.  
Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife  
Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,  
My night shall be remembered for a star  
That outshone all the suns of all men's days.  
Shall I not crown them with immortal praise  
Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared  
with me  
High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see  
The inenarrable godhead of delight ?  
Love is a flame ;—we have beaconed the world's  
night.  
A city :—and we have built it, these and I.  
An emperor :—we have taught the world to die.  
So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,  
And the high cause of Love's magnificence,

## *Recent Poetry*

And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names  
Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,  
And set them as a banner, that men may know,  
To dare the generations, burn, and blow  
Out on the wind of Time, shining and stream-  
ing. . . .

These I have loved :

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,  
Ringed with blue lines ; and feathery, faery dust ;  
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light ; the strong  
crust

Of friendly bread ; and many-tasting food ;  
Rainbows ; and the blue bitter smoke of wood ;  
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers ;  
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny  
hours,

Dreaming of moths that drink them under the  
moon ;

Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon  
Smooth away trouble ; and the rough male kiss  
Of blankets ; grainy wood ; live hair that is  
Shining and free ; blue-massing clouds ; the keen  
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine ;  
The benison of hot water ; furs to touch ;  
The good smell of old clothes ; and other such—

## *The Great Lover*

The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,  
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers  
About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .

Dear names,  
And thousand other throng to me! Royal flames;  
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;  
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;  
Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,  
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting  
train;

Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam  
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;  
And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold  
Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mould;  
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;  
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-  
new;—

And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on  
grass;—

All these have been my loves. And these shall  
pass,

Whatever passes not, in the great hour,  
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power  
To hold them with me through the gate of  
Death.

## *Recent Poetry*

They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor  
breath,

Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's  
trust

And sacramented covenant to the dust.

—Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,  
And give what's left of love again, and make  
New friends, now strangers. . . .

But the best I've known,  
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is  
blown

About the winds of the world, and fades from  
brains

Of living men, and dies.

Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again  
This one last gift I give : that after men  
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,  
Praise you, " All these were lovely " ; say, " He  
loved."

RUPERT BROOKE

# The Soldier

**I**F I should die, think only this of me :  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to  
roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England  
given ;  
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;  
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

RUPERT BROOKE



## By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross

SOMBRE and rich, the skies ;  
Great glooms, and starry plains.  
Gently the night wind sighs ;  
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings  
Around me : and around  
The saddest of all kings  
Crowned, and again discrowned.

Comely and calm, he rides  
Hard by his own Whitehall :  
Only the night wind glides :  
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court ; and yet,  
The stars his courtiers are :  
Stars in their stations set ;  
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,  
The fair and fatal king :

# *The Statue of King Charles*

Dark night is all his own,  
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate :  
The stars ; or those sad eyes ?  
Which are more still and great :  
Those brows ; or the dark skies ?

Although his whole heart yearn  
In passionate tragedy :  
Never was face so stern  
With sweet austerity.

Vanquished in life, his death  
By beauty made amends :  
The passing of his breath  
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life and hapless ? Nay :  
Through death, life grew sublime.  
*Speak after sentence ?* Yea :  
And to the end of time.

Armoured he rides, his head  
Bare to the stars of doom :

## *Recent Poetry*

He triumphs now, the dead,  
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,  
Vexed in the world's employ :  
His soul was of the saints ;  
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe !  
Men hunger for thy grace :  
And through the night I go,  
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet when the city sleeps ;  
When all the cries are still :  
The stars and heavenly deeps  
Work out a perfect will.

LIONEL JOHNSON

## Check

**T**HE night was creeping on the ground ;  
She crept and did not make a sound  
Until she reached the tree, and then  
She covered it, and stole again  
Along the grass beside the wall.

I heard the rustle of her shawl  
As she threw blackness everywhere  
Upon the sky and ground and air,  
And in the room where I was hid :  
But no matter what she did  
To everything that was without,  
She could not put my candle out.

So I stared at the night, and she  
Stared back solemnly at me.

JAMES STEPHENS

# When the Leaves Fall

**W**HEN the leaves fall off the trees  
Everybody walks on them :  
Once they had a time of ease  
High above, and every breeze  
Used to stay and talk to them.

Then they were so debonair  
As they fluttered up and down ;  
Dancing in the sunny air,  
Dancing without knowing there  
Was a gutter in the town.

Now they have no place at all !  
All the home that they can find  
Is a gutter by a wall,  
And the wind that waits their fall  
Is an apache of a wind.

JAMES STEPHENS

## In France

**T**HE poplars in the fields of France  
Are golden ladies come to dance ;  
But yet to see them there is none  
But I and the September sun.

The girl who in their shadow sits  
Can only see the sock she knits ;  
Her dog is watching all the day  
That not a cow shall go astray.

The leisurely contented cows  
Can only see the earth they browse ;  
Their piebald bodies through the grass  
With busy, munching noses pass.

Alone the sun and I behold  
Processions crowned with shining gold—  
The poplars in the fields of France,  
Like glorious ladies come to dance.

FRANCES CORNFORD

## The Ragwort

**T**HE thistles on the sandy flats  
Are courtiers with crimson hats ;  
The ragworts, growing up so straight,  
Are emperors who stand in state,  
And march about, so proud and bold,  
In crowns of fairy-story gold.

The people passing home at night  
Rejoice to see the shining sight,  
They quite forget the sands and sea  
Which are as grey as grey can be,  
Nor ever heed the gulls who cry  
Like peevish children in the sky.

FRANCES CORNFORD

# Lone Dog

I'M a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog, and  
lone ;

I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on  
my own ;

I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep ;

I love to sit and bay the moon, to keep fat souls  
from sleep.

I'll never be a lap dog, licking dirty feet,

A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat,

Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,

But shut door, and sharp stone, and cuff, and  
kick, and hate.

Not for me the other dogs, running by my side,

Some have run a short while, but none of them  
would bide.

O mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the  
best,

Wide wind, and wild stars, and the hunger of the  
quest !

IRENE R. McLEOD



## If I had a Broomstick

**I**F I had a broomstick, and knew how to ride it,  
I'd fly through the windows when Jane goes  
to tea,

And over the tops of the chimneys I'd guide it,  
To lands where no children are cripples like me ;  
I'd run on the rocks with the crabs and the sea,  
Where soft red anemones close when you touch ;  
If I had a broomstick, and knew how to ride it,  
If I had a broomstick—instead of a crutch !

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

## Roundabouts and Swings

**I**T was early last September nigh to  
Framlin'am-on-Sea,  
An' 'twas Fair-day come to-morrow, an'  
the time was after tea,  
An' I met a painted caravan adown a dusty  
lane,  
A Pharaoh with his waggons comin' jolt an' creak  
an' strain ;  
A cheery cove an' sunburnt, bold o' eye and  
wrinkled up,  
An' beside him on the splashboard sat a brindled  
tarrier pup,  
An' a lurcher wise as Solomon an' lean as fiddle-  
strings  
Was joggin' in the dust along 'is roundabouts and  
swings.

“Goo'-day,” said 'e ; “Goo'-day,” said I ; “an'  
'ow d'you find things go,  
An' what's the chance o' millions when you runs  
a travellin' show ? ”  
“I find,” said 'e, “things very much as 'ow I've  
always found,

## *Recent Poetry*

For mostly they goes up and down or else goes  
round and round."

Said 'e, "The job's the very spit o' what it always  
were,

It's bread and bacon mostly when the dog don't  
catch a 'are ;

But lookin' at it broad, an' while it ain't no mer-  
chant king's,

What's lost upon the roundabouts we pulls up on  
the swings !

"Goo' luck," said 'e ; "Goo' luck," said I ;  
"you've put it past a doubt ;

An' keep that lurcher on the road, the game-  
keepers is out " ;

'E thumped upon the footboard an' 'e lum-  
bered on again

To meet a gold-dust sunset down the owl-light  
in the lane ;

An' the moon she climbed the 'azels, while a  
nightjar seemed to spin

That Pharaoh's wisdom o'er again, 'is sooth of  
lose-and-win ;

## *Roundabouts and Swings*

For “up an’ down an’ round,” said ’e, “goes  
all appointed things,

An’ losses on the roundabouts means profits on  
the swings !”

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

## A Town Window

**B**EYOND my window in the night  
Is but a drab inglorious street,  
Yet there the frost and clean starlight  
As over Warwick woods are sweet.

Under the grey drift of the town  
The crocus works among the mould  
As eagerly as those that crown  
The Warwick spring in flame and gold.

And when the tramway down the hill  
Across the cobbles moans and rings,  
There is about my window-sill  
The tumult of a thousand wings.

JOHN DRINKWATER

# Brumana

O H shall I never never be home again ?  
Meadows of England shining in the rain  
Spread wide your daisied lawns : your  
ramparts green

With briar fortify, with blossom screen  
Till my far morning—and O streams that slow  
And pure and deep through plains and playlands  
go,

For me your love and all your kingcups store,  
And—dark militia of the southern shore,  
Old fragrant friends—preserve me the last lines  
Of that long saga which you sung me, pines,  
When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen tree  
I listened, with my eyes upon the sea.

[*Continued*]

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

## The Dying Patriot

**D**AY breaks on England down the Kentish  
hills,  
Singing in the silence of the meadow-  
footing rills,

Day of my dreams, O day !

I saw them march from Dover, long ago,  
With a silver cross before them, singing low,  
Monks of Rome from their home where the blue  
seas break in foam,  
Augustine with his feet of snow.

Noon strikes on England, noon on Oxford  
town,  
—Beauty she was statue cold—there's blood upon  
her gown :

Noon of my dreams, O noon !

Proud and godly kings had built her, long ago,  
With her towers and tombs and statues all  
arow,  
With her fair and floral air and the love that  
lingers there,  
And the streets where the great men go.

## *The Dying Patriot*

Evening on the olden, the golden sea of Wales,  
When the first star shivers and the last wave pales :  
O evening dreams !

There's a house that Britons walked in, long ago,  
Where now the springs of ocean fall and flow,  
And the dead robed in red and sea-lilies overhead  
Sway when the long winds blow.

Sleep not, my country : though night is here, afar  
Your children of the morning are clamorous for  
war :

Fire in the night, O dreams !

Though she send you as she sent you, long ago,  
South to desert, east to ocean, west to snow,  
West of these out to seas colder than the Hebrides  
I must go

Where the fleet of stars is anchored and the  
young Star-captains glow.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER



## November Eves

**N**OVEMBER Evenings ! Damp and still  
They used to cloak Leckhampton hill,  
And lie down close on the grey plain,  
And dim the dripping window-pane,  
And send queer winds like Harlequins  
That seized our elms for violins  
And struck a note so sharp and low  
Even a child could feel the woe.

Now fire chased shadow round the room ;  
Tables and chairs grew vast in gloom :  
We crept about like mice, while Nurse  
Sat mending, solemn as a hearse,  
And even our unlearned eyes  
Half closed with choking memories.

Is it the mist or the dead leaves,  
Or the dead men— November eves ?

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

## Star-Talk

**A**RE you awake, Gemelli,  
This frosty night ? ”  
“ We'll be awake till reveillé,  
Which is Sunrise,” say the Gemelli,  
“ It's no good trying to go to sleep :  
If there's wine to be got we'll drink it deep,  
But rest is hopeless to-night,  
But rest is hopeless to-night.”

“ Are you cold too, poor Pleiads,  
This frosty night ? ”  
“ Yes, and so are the Hyads :  
See us cuddle and hug,” say the Pleiads,  
“ All six in a ring : it keeps us warm :  
We huddle together like birds in a storm :  
It's bitter weather to-night,  
It's bitter weather to-night.”

“ What do you hunt, Orion,  
This starry night ? ”  
“ The Ram, the Bull and the Lion,  
And the Great Bear,” says Orion,

## *Recent Poetry*

“ With my starry quiver and beautiful belt  
I am trying to find a good thick pelt  
    To warm my shoulders to-night,  
    To warm my shoulders to-night.”

“ Did you hear that, Great She-bear,  
    This frosty night ? ”  
“ Yes, he’s talking of stripping *me* bare,  
Of my own big fur,” says the She-bear.  
“ I’m afraid of the man and his terrible arrow :  
The thought of it chills my bones to the marrow,  
    And the frost so cruel to-night !  
    And the frost so cruel to-night ! ”

“ How is your trade, Aquarius,  
    This frosty night ? ”  
“ Complaints is many and various,  
And my feet are cold,” says Aquarius,  
“ There’s Venus objects to Dolphin-scales,  
And Mars to Crab-spawn found in my pails,  
    And the pump has frozen to-night,  
    And the pump has frozen to-night.”

ROBERT GRAVES

# The Kingfisher

**I**T was the Rainbow gave thee birth,  
And left thee all her lovely hues ;  
And, as her mother's name was Tears,  
So runs it in thy blood to choose  
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep  
In company with trees that weep.

Go you and, with such glorious hues,  
Live with proud Peacocks in green parks ;  
On lawns as smooth as shining glass,  
Let every feather show its mark ;  
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings  
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain ;  
Thou hast no proud ambitious mind ;  
I also love a quiet place  
That's green, away from all mankind ;  
A lonely pool, and let a tree  
Sigh with her bosom over me.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

# Sheep

**W**HEN I was once in Baltimore  
A man came up to me and cried,  
“Come, I have eighteen hundred  
sheep,  
And we will sail on Tuesday’s tide.

“If you will sail with me, young man,  
I’ll pay you fifty shillings down ;  
These eighteen hundred sheep I take  
From Baltimore to Glasgow town.”

He paid me fifty shillings down,  
I sailed with eighteen hundred sheep ;  
We soon had cleared the harbour’s mouth,  
We soon were in the salt sea deep.

The first night we were out at sea  
Those sheep were quiet in their mind ;  
The second night they cried with fear—  
They smelt no pastures in the wind.

## *Sheep*

They sniffed, poor things, for their green fields,  
They cried so loud I could not sleep :  
For fifty thousand shillings down  
I would not sail again with sheep.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

# Home Thoughts in Laventie

**G**REEN gardens in Laventie !  
Soldiers only know the street  
Where the mud is churned and  
splashed about  
By battle-wending-feet ;  
And yet beside one stricken house there is a glimpse  
of grass,  
Look for it when you pass.

Beyond the Church whose pitted spire  
Seems balanced on a strand  
Of swaying stone and tottering brick  
Two roofless ruins stand,  
And here behind the wreckage where the back-  
wall should have been  
We found a garden green.

The grass was never trodden on,  
The little path of gravel  
Was overgrown with celandine,  
No other folk did travel  
Along its weedy surface, but the nimble-footed  
mouse  
Running from house to house.

## *Home Thoughts in Laventie*

So all among the vivid blades  
Of soft and tender grass  
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels  
That pass and ever pass,  
In noisy continuity, until their stony rattle  
Seems in itself a battle.

At length we rose up from this ease  
Of tranquil happy mind,  
And searched the garden's little length  
A fresh pleasaunce to find ;  
And there, some yellow daffodils and jasmine  
hanging high  
Did rest the tired eye.

The fairest and most fragrant  
Of the many sweets we found,  
Was a little bush of Daphne flower  
Upon a grassy mound,  
And so thick were the blossoms set, and so divine  
the scent,  
That we were well content.

Hungry for Spring I bent my head,  
The perfume fanned my face,



## *Recent Poetry*

And all my soul was dancing  
In that lovely little place,  
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and  
shattered towns  
Away . . . upon the Downs.

I saw green banks of daffodil,  
Slim poplars in the breeze,  
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March  
A-courting on the leas ;  
And meadows with their glittering streams, and  
silver scurrying dace,  
Home—what a perfect place !

EDWARD WYNDHAM TENNANT

## Into Battle

**T**HE naked earth is warm with Spring,  
And with green grass and bursting trees  
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
And quivers in the sunny breeze ;  
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,  
And a striving evermore for these ;  
And he is dead who will not fight ;  
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth ;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth ;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven  
Hold him in their high comradeship,  
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,  
They stand to him each one a friend,

## *Recent Poetry*

They gently speak in the windy weather ;  
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,  
And the little owls that call by night,  
Bid him be swift and keen as they,  
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, " Brother, brother,  
If this be the last song you shall sing  
Sing well, for you may not sing another ;  
Brother, sing."

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,  
Before the brazen frenzy starts,  
The horses show him nobler powers ;  
O patient eyes, courageous hearts !

And when the burning moment breaks,  
And all things else are out of mind,  
And only Joy of Battle takes  
Him by the throat, and makes him blind—

Though joy and blindness he shall know,  
Not caring much to know, that still,

## *Into Battle*

Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so  
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air Death moans and sings ;  
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

JULIAN GRENFELL

## Overheard on a Saltmarsh

**N**YMPH, nymph, what are your beads ?  
Green glass, goblin. Why do you stare  
at them ?

Give them me.

No.

Give them me. Give them me.

No.

Then I will howl all night in the reeds,  
Lie in the mud and howl for them.

Goblin, why do you love them so ?

They are better than stars or water,  
Better than voices of winds that sing,  
Better than any man's fair daughter,  
Your green glass beads on a silver ring.

Hush, I stole them out of the moon.

Give me your beads. I desire them.

No.

## *Overheard on a Saltmarsh*

I will howl in a deep lagoon  
For your green glass beads, I love them so.  
Give them me. Give them.

No.

HAROLD MONRO

# Strange Meetings

NO. X

**A** FLOWER is looking through the  
ground,  
Blinking at the April weather ;  
Now a child has seen the flower :  
Now they go and play together.

Now it seems the flower will speak,  
And will call the child its brother—  
But, oh strange forgetfulness !—  
They don't recognize each other.

HAROLD MONRO

## The Cherry Trees

**T**HE cherry trees bend over and are  
shedding  
On the old road where all that passed  
are dead,  
Their petals, strewing the grass as for a wedding  
This early May morn when there is none to wed.

EDWARD THOMAS



# The Bells of Heaven

'**T**WOULD ring the bells of Heaven  
The wildest peal for years,  
If Parson lost his senses

And people came to theirs,  
And he and they together  
Knelt down with angry prayers  
For tamed and shabby tigers  
And dancing dogs and bears,  
And wretched, blind pit ponies,  
And little hunted hares.

RALPH HODGSON

# The Song of Honour

**I** CLIMBED a hill as light fell short,  
And rooks came home in scramble sort,  
And filled the trees and flapped and  
fought

And sang themselves to sleep ;  
An owl from nowhere with no sound  
Swung by and soon was nowhere found,  
I heard him calling half-way round,  
Holloing loud and deep ;  
A pair of stars, faint pins of light,  
Then many a star, sailed into sight,  
And all the stars, the flower of night,  
Were round me at a leap ;  
To tell how still the valleys lay  
I heard a watch-dog miles away,  
And bells of distant sheep.

I heard no more of bird or bell,  
The mastiff in a slumber fell,  
I stared into the sky,  
As wondering men have always done  
Since beauty and the stars were one,  
Though none so hard as I.

## *Recent Poetry*

It seemed, so still the valleys were,  
As if the whole world knelt at prayer,  
    Save me and me alone ;  
So pure and wide that silence was  
I feared to bend a blade of grass,  
    And there I stood like stone.

[*Continued*]

RALPH HODGSON

# Stupidity Street

**I** SAW with open eyes  
Singing birds sweet  
Sold in the shops  
For the people to eat,  
Sold in the shops of  
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision  
The worm in the wheat,  
And in the shops nothing  
For people to eat ;  
Nothing for sale in  
Stupidity Street.

RALPH HODGSON

# To the Coming Spring

**O** PUNCTUAL Spring !  
We had forgotten in this winter town  
The days of Summer and the long, long  
eves.

But now you come on airy wing,  
With busy fingers spilling baby-leaves  
On all the bushes, and a faint green down  
On ancient trees, and everywhere  
Your warm breath soft with kisses  
Stirs the wintry air,  
And waking us to unimagined blisses.  
Your lightest footprints in the grass  
Are marked by painted crocus-flowers  
And heavy-headed daffodils,  
While little trees blush faintly as you pass.  
The morning and the night  
You bathe with heavenly showers,  
And scatter scentless violets on the rounded  
hills,  
Drop beneath leafless woods pale primrose  
posies.  
With magic key, in the new evening light,  
You are unlocking buds that keep the roses ;

## *To the Coming Spring*

The purple lilac soon will blow above the wall  
And bended boughs in orchards whitely bloom—  
We had forgotten in the Winter's gloom . . .  
Soon we shall hear the cuckoo call !

MARGARET MACKENZIE

## Alms in Autumn

**S**PINDLE-WOOD, spindle-wood, will you  
    lend me, pray,  
A little flaming lantern to guide me on  
    my way ?

The fairies all have vanished from the meadow  
    and the glen,

And I would fain go seeking till I find them once  
    again.

Lend me now a lantern that I may bear a  
    light

To find the hidden pathway in the darkness of  
    the night.

Ash-tree, ash-tree, throw me, if you please,  
Throw me down a slender branch of russet-gold  
    keys.

I fear the gates of Fairyland may all be shut so  
    fast

That nothing but your magic keys will ever take  
    me past.

I'll tie them to my girdle, and as I go along  
My heart will find a comfort in the tinkle of their  
    song.

## *Alms in Autumn*

Holly-bush, holly-bush, help me in my task,  
A pocketful of berries is all the alms I ask :  
A pocketful of berries to thread in golden strands  
(I would not go a-visiting with nothing in my  
hands).  
So fine will be the rosy chains, so gay, so glossy  
bright,  
They'll set the realms of Fairyland all dancing  
with delight.

ROSE FYLEMAN



# I Don't Like Beetles

**I** DON'T like beetles, tho' I'm sure they're  
very good,  
I don't like porridge, tho' my Nanna says  
I should ;

I don't like the cistern in the attic where I play,  
And the funny noise the bath makes when the  
water runs away.

I don't like the feeling when my gloves are made  
of silk,

And that dreadful slimy skinny stuff on top of  
hot milk ;

I don't like tigers, not even in a book,  
And, I know it's very naughty, but I don't like  
Cook !

ROSE FYLEMAN

# Wishes

**I** WISH I liked rice pudding,  
I wish I were a twin,  
I wish some day a real live fairy  
Would just come walking in.

I wish when I'm at table  
My feet would touch the floor,  
I wish our pipes would burst next winter,  
Just like they did next door.

I wish that I could whistle  
Real proper grown-up tunes,  
I wish they'd let me sweep the chimneys  
On rainy afternoons.

I've got such heaps of wishes,  
I've only said a few ;  
I wish that I could wake some morning  
And find they'd all come true !

ROSE FYLEMAN

## Very Nearly!

I NEVER *quite* saw fairy-folk  
A-dancing in the glade,  
Where, just beyond the hollow oak,  
Their broad green rings are laid :  
But, while behind that oak I hid,  
*One day I very nearly did !*

I never *quite* saw mermaids rise  
Above the twilight sea,  
When sands, left wet, 'neath sunset skies,  
Are blushing rosily :  
But—all alone, those rocks amid—  
*One night I very nearly did !*

I never *quite* saw Goblin Grim  
Who haunts our lumber room  
And pops his head above the rim  
Of that oak chest's deep gloom :  
But once—when Mother raised the lid—  
*I very, very nearly did !*

QUEENIE SCOTT-HOPPER

# What the Thrush Says

**C**OME and see ! Come and see ! ”  
The Thrush pipes out of the haw-  
thorn-tree :

And I and Dicky on tiptoe go  
To see what treasures he wants to show.  
His call is clear as a call can be—  
And “ Come and see ! ” he says :  
“ Come and see ! ”

“ Come and see ! Come and see ! ”  
His house is there in the hawthorn-tree :  
The neatest house that ever you saw,  
Built all of mosses and twigs and straw :  
The folk who built were his wife and he—  
And “ Come and see ! ” he says :  
“ Come and see ! ”

“ Come and see ! Come and see ! ”  
Within this house there are treasures three :  
So warm and snug in its curve they lie—  
Like three bright bits out of Spring’s blue sky.  
We would not hurt them, he knows ; not we !  
So “ Come and see ! ” he says :  
“ Come and see ! ”

## *Recent Poetry*

*"Come and see! Come and see!"*

No thrush was ever so proud as he!  
His bright-eyed lady has left those eggs  
For just five minutes to stretch her legs.  
He's keeping guard in the hawthorn-tree,  
And "Come and see!" he says:

*"Come and see!"*

*"Come and see! Come and see!"*

He has no fear of the boys and me.  
He came and shared in our meals, you know,  
In hungry times of the frost and snow.  
So now we share in his Secret Tree  
Where "Come and see!" he says:

*"Come and see!"*

QUEENIE SCOTT-HOPPER

# The Sunset Garden

**I** CAN see from the window a little brown  
house,  
And the garden goes up to the top of the  
hill.

And the sun comes each day,  
And slips down away  
At the end of the garden an' sleeps there . . .  
until  
The daylight comes climbing up over the hill.

I do wish I lived in the little brown house,  
Then at night I'd go out to the garden, an' creep  
Up . . . up . . . then I'd stop,  
An' lean over the top,  
At the end of the garden, an' so I could peep,  
And see what the sun looks like when it's asleep.

MARION ST JOHN WEBB

## Sweet as the Breath of the Whin

**S**WEET as the breath of the whin  
Is the thought of my love—  
Sweet as the breath of the whin  
In the noonday sun—  
Sweet as the breath of the whin  
In the sun after rain.

Glad as the gold of the whin  
Is the thought of my love—  
Glad as the gold of the whin  
Since wandering's done—  
Glad as the gold of the whin  
Is my heart, home again.

WILFRED WILSON GIBSON

# The Law the Lawyers Know About

**T**HE law the lawyers know about  
Is property and land ;  
But why the leaves are on the trees,  
And why the winds disturb the seas,  
Why honey is the food of bees,  
Why horses have such tender knees,  
Why winters come and rivers freeze,  
Why Faith is more than what one sees,  
And Hope survives the worst disease,  
And Charity is more than these,  
They do not understand.

H. D. C. PEPLER



# All is Spirit and Part of Me

**A** GREATER lover none can be,  
And all is spirit and part of me.  
I am sway of the rolling hills,  
And breath from the great wide plains ;  
I am born of a thousand storms,  
And grey with the rushing rains ;  
I have stood with the age-long rocks,  
And flowered with the meadow sweet ;  
I have fought with the wind-worn firs,  
And bent with the ripening wheat ;  
I have watched with the solemn clouds,  
And dreamt with the moorland pools ;  
I have raced with the water's whirl,  
And lain where their anger cools ;  
I have hovered as strong-winged bird,  
And swooped as I saw my prey ;  
I have risen with cold grey dawn,  
And flamed in the dying day ;  
For all is spirit and part of me,  
And greater lover none can be.

L. D'O. WALTERS

# Seville

**I** KNOW not Seville,  
Yet in dreams I see  
The April roses  
Climb from tree to tree,  
And foam the houses  
Till they seem to me  
Great waves of blossom  
From a crimson sea.

I know not Seville,  
Yet in dreams I see  
The drooping petals  
Falling languidly,  
And find the shadow  
Where the grass is red  
And white with roses  
On a sun-warmed bed !

I know not Seville,  
Yet I feel the night  
Grow heavy scented,  
Starred with roses white,

## *Recent Poetry*

And low-toned singers,  
Up and down the street,  
Breathe only roses,  
Fallen at their feet.

L. D'O. WALTERS

## Street Lanterns

COUNTRY roads are yellow and brown.  
We mend the roads in London town.

Never a hansom dare come nigh,  
Never a cart goes rolling by.

An unwonted silence steals  
In between the turning wheels.

Quickly ends the autumn day,  
And the workman goes his way,

Leaving, midst the traffic rude,  
One small isle of solitude,

Lit, throughout the lengthy night,  
By the little lantern's light.

Jewels of the dark have we,  
Brighter than the rustic's be.

Over the dull earth are thrown  
Topaz, and the ruby stone.

MARY E. COLERIDGE

To Betsey-Jane, on her De-  
siring to go Incontinently  
to Heaven

**M**Y Betsey-Jane, it would not do,  
For what would Heaven make of you,  
A little, honey-loving bear,  
Among the Blessèd Babies there ?

Nor do you dwell with us in vain  
Who tumble and get up again  
And try, with bruised knees, to smile—  
Sweet, you are blessed all the while

And we in you : so wait, they'll come  
To take your hand and fetch you home,  
In Heavenly leaves to play at tents  
With all the Holy Innocents.

HELEN PARRY EDEN

# The Bridge

**H**ERE, with one leap,  
The bridge that spans the cutting ; on  
its back

The load  
Of the main-road,  
And under it the railway-track.

Into the plains they sweep,  
Into the solitary plains asleep,  
The flowing lines, the parallel lines of steel—  
Fringed with their narrow grass,  
Into the plains they pass,  
The flowing lines, like arms of mute appeal.

A cry  
Prolonged across the earth—a call  
To the remote horizons and the sky ;  
The whole east rushes down them with its light,  
And the whole west receives them, with its pall  
Of stars and night—  
The flowing lines, the parallel lines of steel.

And with the fall  
Of darkness, see ! the red,

## *Recent Poetry*

Bright anger of the signal, where it flares  
Like a huge eye that stares  
On some hid danger in the dark ahead.  
A twang of wire—unseen  
The signal drops ; and now, instead  
Of a red eye, a green.

Out of the silence grows  
An iron thunder—grows, and roars, and sweeps,  
Menacing ! The plain  
Suddenly leaps,  
Startled, from its repose—  
Alert and listening. Now, from the gloom  
Of the soft distance, loom  
Three lights and, over them, a brush  
Of tawny flame and flying spark—  
Three pointed lights that rush,  
Monstrous, upon the cringing dark.

And nearer, nearer rolls the sound,  
Louder the throb and roar of wheels,  
The shout of speed, the shriek of steam ;  
The sloping bank,  
Cut into flashing squares, gives back the clank  
And grind of metal, while the ground

## *The Bridge*

Shudders and the bridge reels—  
As, with a scream,  
The train,  
A rage of smoke, a laugh of fire,  
A lighted anguish of desire,  
A dream  
Of gold and iron, of sound and flight,  
Tumultuous roars across the night.

The train roars past—and, with a cry,  
Drowned in a flying howl of wind,  
Half-stifled in the smoke and blind,  
The plain,  
Shaken, exultant, unconfined,  
Rises, flows on, and follows, and sweeps by,  
Shrieking, to lose itself in distance and the sky.

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON



## Allotments

**M**ONOTONOUS and regular  
And mournful the allotments lie,  
And night,  
As if to hide their misery from sight,  
Falls, fold on fold, from the cold winter sky.

A stretch of wretched garden-land  
Backed by a row of tenements that cringe  
—Monotonous and regular—  
Upon the city's outer fringe.

Between it and the pavement-edge  
Straggles a torn and ragged hedge ;  
And, here and there about it, stand  
Rude sheds of planking smeared with tar ;  
While, in a corner, a rough mast and spar  
Flutters for flag  
A tattered filthiness of rag.

There in this world of fog and smoke,  
—Monotonous and regular—  
Bent figures move about ;  
They are the pitiable folk

## *Allotments*

From their long day of toil let out—  
From their day-labour in the factory  
That looms, a square-cut menace on the sky,  
Near-by.

Here, one will plant potatoes, row on row,  
—Monotonous and regular—  
Another, here, will grow  
Carrots and turnips, beans and peas,  
Or green and purple cabbages ;  
While each will sow  
Nasturtium or sweet-pea—some flower to bring  
Him light and gladness in the spring.

Though scarce shall the bud break, till from the  
air  
Damp soot shall fall to shroud it in despair—  
Though every leaf  
Shall hide its hope in hoods of grief—  
Though no flower-scent shall purify  
This stench of oil, this reek of smoke,  
Where a poor starved humanity,  
And its poor produce, starved and stultified,  
Grow side by side.

## *Recent Poetry*

So far from nature's first intent,  
So far from what the brown earth meant,  
So far from what the wind and wet,  
The seasons and the sun,  
In many an unlaborious field have done !  
And yet,  
When one of these poor folk  
Shall stand and gaze in summer's easier hours  
Upon the humbled beauty of his flowers,

Not Adam in his Paradise,  
Beheld with more of worship in his eyes  
The first  
Rare rose that burst  
In lovely wonder to the skies.

Monotonous and regular  
And mournful the allotments lie—  
While night,  
As if to hide their misery from sight,  
Falls, fold on fold, from the cold catafalque of sky.

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

## February

**T**HE robin on my lawn  
He was the first to tell  
How, in the frozen dawn,  
This miracle befell,  
Waking the meadows white  
With hoar, the iron road  
Agleam with splintered light,  
And ice where water flowed :  
Till, when the low sun drank  
Those milky mists that cloak  
Hanger and hollied bank,  
The winter world awoke  
To hear the feeble bleat  
Of lambs on downland farms :  
A blackbird whistled sweet ;  
Old beeches moved their arms  
Into a mellow haze  
Aerial, newly-born :  
And I, alone, agaze,  
Stood waiting for the thorn  
To break in blossom white,  
Or burst in a green flame. . . .  
So, in a single night,

## *Recent Poetry*

Fair February came,  
Bidding my lips to sing  
Or whisper their surprise,  
With all the joy of spring  
And morning in her eyes.

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

## Sea-Foam

**A** FLECK of foam on the shining sand,  
Left by the ebbing sea,  
But richer than man may understand  
In magic and mystery—  
Transient bubbles rainbow-bright,  
Myriad-hued and strange,  
Tremble and throb in the noonday light,  
Flower and flush and change.

A million tides have come and gone,  
Great gales of autumn and spring,  
A million summoning moons have shone  
To bring to birth this thing—  
A foam-fleck left on the ribbed wet sand  
By the wave of an outgoing sea,  
With all the colour of Faeryland,  
Wonder and mystery.

TERESA HOOLEY

## A Petition

**A**LL that a man might ask, thou hast  
given me, England,  
Birth-right and happy childhood's  
long heart's-ease,  
And love whose range is deep beyond all sound-  
ing  
And wider than all seas.

A heart to front the world and find God  
in it,  
Eyes blind enow, but not too blind to see  
The lovely things behind the dross and dark-  
ness,  
And lovelier things to be.

And friends whose loyalty time nor death shall  
weaken,  
And quenchless hope and laughter's golden  
store ;  
All that a man might ask thou hast given me,  
England,  
Yet grant thou one thing more :

## *A Petition*

That now when envious foes would spoil thy  
splendour,

Unversed in arms, a dreamer such as I  
May in thy ranks be deemed not all unworthy,  
England, for thee to die.

R. E. VERNÈDE



# Black and White

**I** MET a man along the road  
To Withernsea ;  
Was ever anything so dark, so pale  
As he ?

His hat, his clothes, his tie, his boots  
Were black as black  
Could be,  
And midst of all was a cold white face,  
And eyes that looked wearily.

The road was bleak and straight and flat  
To Withernsea,  
Gaunt poles with shrilling wires their weird  
Did dree ;  
On the sky stood out, on the swollen sky  
The black blood veins  
Of tree  
After tree, as they beat from the face  
Of the wind which they could not flee.

And in the fields along the road  
To Withernsea,

## *Black and White*

Swart crows sat huddled on the ground  
Disconsolately,  
While overhead the seamews wheeled, and  
skirled  
In glee ;  
But the black cows stood, and cropped where  
they stood,  
And never heeded thee,  
O dark pale man, with the weary eyes,  
On the road to Withernsea.

H. H. ABBOTT

# The Oxen

**C**HRISTMAS EVE, and twelve of the  
clock.

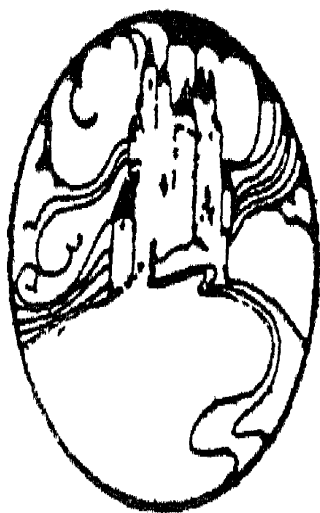
“ Now they are all on their knees,”  
An elder said as we sat in a flock  
By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where  
They dwelt in their strawy pen,  
Nor did it occur to one of us there  
To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few believe  
In these years ! Yet, I feel,  
If someone said on Christmas Eve  
“ Come ; see the oxen kneel

In the lonely barton by yonder coomb  
Our childhood used to know,”  
I should go with him in the gloom,  
Hoping it might be so.

THOMAS HARDY



# STUDIES OF CONTEMPORARY POETS

By MARY C. STURGEON

Author of "Women of the Classics," etc.

New Edition, Revised and Enlarged

440 pages. Size  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$  inches.

*Cloth, 7s. 6d. net. Antique Leather, 15s. net*

THERE are twenty-one studies in all in this volume, of contemporary poets of very diverse age, manner, and message. But, with much diversity, these poets have one thing in common: they are of their time in the full sense of the words. Whether young, or not so young, or old, they possess the youthfulness of heart and mind which makes the poet a responsive instrument to the spirit of the time.

To this new edition six fresh studies have been added, of the work of Michael Field, Thomas Hardy, W. B. Yeats, J. C. Squire, John Drinkwater, and a group of Women Poets. The following is a full list of the studies:

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE	SAROJINI NAIDU
RUPERT BROOKE	JAMES STEPHENS
WILLIAM H. DAVIES	MARGARET L. WOODS
WALTER DE LA MARE	JOHN DRINKWATER
WILFRID WILSON GIBSON	MICHAEL FIELD (KATHA-
RALPH HODGSON	RINE H. BRADLEY AND
FORD MADDOX HUEFFER	EDITH E. COOPER)
AN IRISH GROUP	THOMAS HARDY
ROSE MACAULAY	J. C. SQUIRE
JOHN MASEFIELD	CONTEMPORARY WOMEN
HAROLD MONRO	POETS
JOHN PRESLAND (GLADYS	W. B. YEATS
SKELTON)	BIBLIOGRAPHY

# NEW VERSE

## THE HOUSE OF THE WINDS

By E. J. BRADY

With Colour Frontispiece by WILLY POGÁNY

Size 7½ by 5 inches. 160 pages

Cloth, with Jacket in Colours, 4s. 6d. net

Velvet Persian, Yapp, 8s. 6d. net

"It is no fabled dwelling-place, but the open sea, that gives its title to this inspiring book of sailors' chanteys, sea songs, and breezy ballads about mariners of old-time gone to Davy Jones. Its verses are afloat most of the time. The songs are lively with the air of the element they move upon; and the many tarry Johns and gallant captains who come in while the hornpipe is agoing are drawn with no unworthy sympathy and skill."—*Scotsman*.

"It is almost ten years since Mr Brady's volume of verse, *The Ways of Many Waters*, established his reputation as one of the foremost, if not the foremost, writers of nautical verse of the time. . . . On this occasion he returns to his first love, and is again, in succession spiritual, a descendant of those lyricists and balladists who have contributed a magnificent dower of ballad-song to the great store of British sea traditions. Mr Brady has caught the spirit of the merchant sailorman with admirable fidelity and fullness, and he has translated it into smoothly-flowing words with singular happiness. Here and there there is a ruggedness, even an uncouthness, in his mode of expression which might be regarded as a flaw, whereas it is but the subtleness of an art which for the moment has become possessed by the spirit of its subject. . . . One is sorely tempted to quote freely from Mr Brady's book."—*The Western Mail*.

"Mr Brady might well claim to be the merchant sailors' Laureate, for every one of the thirty odd pieces in this volume breathes of the Southern salt sea. . . . Some of the poems, such as 'The Stoke Hole,' ought to make popular recitations."—*Cork Examiner*.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

## THE LITTLE GOD

By KATHARINE HOWARD

With Colour Frontispiece by MARGARET W. TARRANT

*Bound in Attractive Boards, with Colour Jacket,*

2s. 6d. net

"A child-like fancy and a mother's tenderness are so artfully mingled in the verses in this little book that its pages charm without any apparent effort at formal perfection, though the lines are always freely, sweetly, and naturally turned and rhymed. The book reflects in the happiest way the moods and talk of a little fellow . . . the sum of whose philosophy was to be fond of his mother."—*Scotsman*.

"These poems contain some charming thoughts, and evince a great insight into the mind of a rather precocious but very lovable child."—*Times Educational Supplement*.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

## THE LITTLEST ONE

By MARION ST JOHN WEBB

With Four Colour Illustrations by MARGARET W. TARRANT

*New Edition. Bound in Attractive Boards, with Colour Jacket,*

2s. 6d. net

"Mrs Webb has given us a book of charming verses affording a score or more glimpses into the mind of a child as fresh and arresting as if R. L. S. himself had caught them. The illustrations are as appealing as the verses."—*Parents' Review*.

"These verses will be keenly appreciated by lovers of children and of child-poetry. They bear the inevitable test very well; they are on the true Stevensonian lines. The authoress enters with much sympathy into the fanciful thoughts of Four-years-old . . . while her versification is light, varied, and pleasing. Some of the pieces would make charming recitations for children."—*Christian World*.

"One of the choicest of children's books. The thirty poems are full of the charm of childhood, which is usually such an elusive quality to a grown-up. The gift of insight into the heart of a child is shared by many, but the power of giving expression to what we see is owned by very few. Mrs Webb has the gift, and she has made excellent use of it in this volume."—*Montrose Standard*.

"The thoughts of a very small child are harder to recapture than all other experiences, but Mrs Webb has caught them lightly and surely."—*The Observer*.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

PULL THE BOBBIN!

A Garland of Original Child Verse

By QUEENIE SCOTT-HOPPER

With Four Colour Illustrations by WINIFRED M. ACKROYD

7½ by 6¼ inches. 128 pages. With Colour Jacket, 4s. 6d. net

"*Pull the Bobbin!* has the true nursery mood, which is not so easily captured as the multitude of nursery books would seem to suggest. The subjects chosen are simple, but their treatment has the light, imaginative, and magical touch which infuses prosaic things with romance, mystery, and wonder, and keeps young people peeping in every corner for glimpses of Fairyland. The brightness of the verses is heightened by their humour and merry swing. . . . The four coloured illustrations are captivating."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

ELIZ'BETH, PHIL, AND ME

By MARION ST JOHN WEBB, author of *The Littlest One*

With Four Colour Illustrations by MARGARET W. TARRANT

8 by 5½ inches. 128 pages. With Colour Jacket, 3s. 6d. net

"This book of verse for children has the life and rhythm that little folks enjoy. It goes with a swing from start to finish. Mrs Webb can interpret the thoughts of children as well as anyone living."—*Teachers' World*.

"Because of their spontaneity, freshness, simplicity, and variety, the rhymes are specially captivating. Silhouettes and coloured pictures add much to the fascination of *Eliz'beth, Phil, and Me*."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

FLAGS AND FAIRY-TALES

Child Poems for Reading and Acting. By MILDRED C. SQUIRES. With Colour Frontispiece by WILLY POGÁNY

Crown 8vo. 128 pages. 3s. 6d. net

THREE LOVE TALES

After Wagner. The Story of *Tannhäuser*, *Parsifal*, and *Lohengrin*, rendered into English verse by T. W. ROLLESTON. With Photogravure Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 160 pages. Cloth, 5s. net; Antique Leather, 10s. 6d. net.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY  
OF MAGAZINE VERSE

Edited by W. S. BRAITHWAITE. 6¾ by 4¾ ins. 344 pages. Cloth Extra, 5s. net. Antique Leather, 8s. 6d. net.



# VERSE IN FINE BINDINGS

## POGÁNY'S OMAR KHAYYÁM

A superb re-issue of the Original Edition with some improvements. Printed on a choice paper, light buff in colour, with borders, decorations, etc., throughout in two colours. With 24 Colour Plates from new blocks.

192 pages. Size  $10\frac{1}{2}$  by  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches  
*Cloth, with new Jacket, 15s. net. Velvet Persian, Yapp, 30s. net*  
*Full Leather, Embossed, 42s. net. Full Morocco, 63s. net*

## THE ORIENTAL OMAR

With 28 Full-page Designs in Coloured Photogravure by ADELAIDE HANSCOM

Size 10 by  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches. *Cloth Extra, 42s. net*  
*Velvet Persian, Yapp, 63s. net. Full Morocco, Inlaid, 84s. net*

## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

With 20 Plates reproduced by the Four-Colour Process, and 184 pages reproduced in Colours by Lithography, the whole lavishly decorated with borders of appropriate designs by WILLY POGÁNY

Size  $12\frac{1}{2}$  by 9 inches. *Cloth Extra, 30s. net*  
*Velvet Persian, Yapp, 63s. net. Limited Edition, Full Vellum, 105s. net*

## SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

With 32 Illustrations in Photogravure by ADELAIDE HANSCOM

Size 10 by  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches. *Cloth Extra, 30s. net*  
*Velvet Persian, Yapp, 42s. net. Full Morocco, 63s. net*

## SWEET SONGS OF MANY VOICES

Compiled by KATE A. WRIGHT

*Crown 8vo. 240 pages. Cloth, 5s. net*  
*Velvet Persian, Yapp, 10s. 6d. net*

## THE GOLDEN BOOK OF ENGLISH SONNETS

Compiled by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, M.A.

*Crown 8vo. 280 pages. Cloth, 5s. net. Antique Leather, Yapp, 10s. 6d. net*  
*Plus une édition Morocco Extra 20s. net*

